

# The Saturday Review

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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No. 6

## Note and Comment

We are told that Alberta lacks orators. There are a few exceptions, which come readily to the mind, but it is quite true that, speaking generally, our public gatherings show a very noteworthy absence of first-class speakers. Of course, what appeals to one man as oratory is downright nonsense to others. The Buckner style has had many imitators on the other side of the line, and not a few on this. As is well-known, it originated in Kentucky, on the streets of the capital city of which state it was once given a picturesque definition.

It is narrated that Cunnel Brekenridge, meeting Majah Bufo'd as he went up town in Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the c'thous?" To which the Majah replied: "Gen. Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. Gen. Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah." "What do you mean by a bo'n oratah?" "If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make we would reply 'fo'." When this is asked a bo'n oratah he replies: "When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an intezeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an intezeh of the same denomination the result, suh, and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment, the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh, the result is fo'." That's a bo'n oratah."

This must call to mind some speeches that we have heard in this province. We can do quite well without them but we would like to hear at our different public gatherings men who can give expression to their ideas in such a way as to make an impression on those who listen to them. It is exceedingly tiresome to put up with those who have not the gift, however useful they may otherwise be to the public and however much entitled they are to the respect of their fellow-citizens.

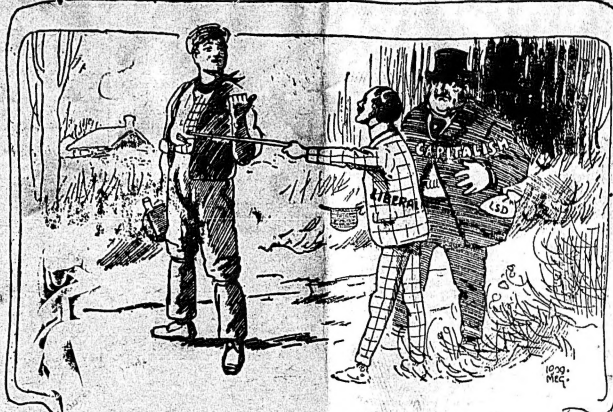
An effort should be made to cultivate ability along these lines. It is indispensable to a thoroughly successful political career. The glib talker must have sane ideas and a reputation for integrity before he can go very far. But he often outdistances the man who has the latter qualifications and makes a poor showing when he comes before the public. Debating clubs for the younger generation should be encouraged. In older communities they have discharged a very useful function. A little more intelligence on the part of committees in selecting the speakers at different gatherings would also be welcome. Why are men who are known to be prosiness personified given the principal places on the programmes when many who have shown themselves possessed of some brightness are left off altogether or given some duty to perform which does not allow them half a chance?

It is a matter of no small satisfaction to a young nation like our own to have wide recognition given to our literary talent. Such Canadian novelists and poets as we have had in the past have made their reputations, for the most part, by expatriating themselves. When they have thought it worth while to write of Canada, their work has shown no vital relation to the life of the country. It is because Mr. R. W. Service has not found it necessary to leave the country and because there is so much genuine Canadianism about all that he has published, that we welcome as we do his growing prestige. His was one of the books, we learn, that was read the most frequently and appreciated the most heartily on Shackleton's South Pole expedition. In T. P.'s Weekly the poem "My Madonna" is reproduced:

"I hailed 'me a woman from the street,  
Shameless, but oh, so fair!  
I bade her sit in the model's seat,  
And I painted her sitting there.  
  
I hid all trace of her heart unclean;  
I painted a babe at her breast;  
I painted her as she might have been  
If the worst had been the best.

She laughed at my picture and went away,  
Then came, with a knowing nod,  
A connoisseur, and I heard him say:  
"Tis Mary, the Mother of God."

## Two British Election Cartoons



PLAUSIBLE PARTY (to laborer).—"Look here, friend, we're both going the same road part of the way."  
LABOR: "No thanks not if I know it, I don't like the looks of your pal."



SCARE DRUMMER (Earl Cawdor) "You must vote for the Unionists. There's a great war coming."  
MR. BULL: "Rubbish! In the first place I don't believe in these inevitable wars, and even if I did I certainly shouldn't vote for a party that made such a muddle of the last one."

So I painted a halo round her hair,  
And I sold her and took my fee,  
And she hangs in the Church of St. Hilaire,  
Where you and all may see.

"Think over these lines," says T. P.; "think well over them; repeat them to yourself again and again. The oftener you do so, the larger, the saner, the more humane will be your view of life, and especially of the life of the female outcast; the more you will realize the possibilities of infinite good which underlie the scarred and brutalized face and character and life of that pathetic being; the more you will grasp the truth that, even at her worst, there remains in every woman something of the divinity that comes from motherhood."

We hear the statement made no longer that Service is a mere imitator of Kipling.

The announcement during the week that a large colony of negroes has been established at Lobstick Lake, west of Edmonton, and that many others are coming into Alberta from Oklahoma, has caused no little discussion and considerable consternation in some circles. The suggestion is made that active steps should be taken to ward off the movement. If direct encouragement is being given them by the immigration department, it would be an easy enough matter to have this discontinued. But if they are coming of their own free will, how are they to be headed off except by a capitation task, as in the case of the Chinese? This would be an extreme measure, which is hardly warranted by the circumstances. That the negroes will ever constitute a problem of any proportions in Canada is not likely. The climate is not such, for one thing, to attract them in large numbers.

As to what their future is to be in the Southern States, there is, of course, a great diversity of opinion. That it is a difficult matter to find a place for them in the life of the continent all will admit. But they are here and everything possible should be done to enable them to become useful citizens. If the attitude of some people towards schemes for helping them out were generally adopted, the only course open would be either to reduce them once more to the status of slaves or to exterminate them. Booker Washington has, however, the right idea, and he is gradually turning most white men round to his way of thinking. He, himself, and many of those he has gathered about him have shown what the negro, by the application of the doctrine of self-help, can make of himself. Washington's book "Up from Slavery," is an inspiration not only to colored people but to all who have their way to make in the world against enormous difficulties. By making himself industrially efficient and accumulating a bank account, he will soon vindicate his claim to the position of a respectable member of society. The bulk of the race have a long way to go yet before they come anywhere near what Mr. Washington hopes for from them. But it was only yesterday that they emerged from a place alongside the lower animals.

A discussion has been going on in the columns of the New York Sun, which cannot fail to interest anyone who is concerned about the position of the negro.

"One of your correspondents," writes Mr. Robert E. Park, of Woolaston, Mass., "refers to the volume 'The Story of the Negro,' by Booker T. Washington, in which it is pointed out that in this country from the time that Columbus

discovered the western world, until Peary discovered the north pole the black man has been always and everywhere the white man's faithful companion and helper. During most of that time he has been the white man's dog; he has worked, lived and suffered with him, though he has received the dog's share of the good and ill that befall.

Now at length, after this long period of subordination, we are asking the dog to be a man; we are insisting with some impatience that the black man show independence, self-respect and racial pride, isn't this, to say the least, a little sudden?

"Is it strange under all the circumstances that this new people, suddenly ushered into all the responsibilities and perplexities of this modern civilization of ours, should not always succeed in bearing itself wisely and with dignity?"

"The position of the negro in this country is nowhere settled. Everything in his world seems to be in a state of transition. One effect has been to make the negro, particularly in the northern states, abnormally self-conscious. This self-consciousness, which has been further intensified by public criticism, always candid if not always kind, has frequently manifested itself in actions that sometimes looked like servility and sometimes like impudence, but which meant only that the negro had not found himself.

"In the difficult situation in which he finds himself it seems to me that the negro should have the same consideration that Henry C. Merwin in the Atlantic Monthly so eloquently and persuasively asks for the dog—not pity nor charity, but sympathy and understanding.

"The question is sometimes asked whether the negro is potentially the equal of the white man. myself I do not know. In fact it is a question that never interested me greatly. Of one thing, however, I do feel fairly certain. If the negro under the trying circumstances in which he now lives shall succeed in gaining that moral poise that will enable him to face prejudice with calmness and self-respect and meet criticism as Booker Washington does and as all negroes of course should, fairly and without resentment; if, in short, the negro succeeds, as conditions seem to demand that he should, in showing sufficient breadth of sympathy to understand the white man's point of view while still retaining his own, then whatever else the negro may be, I take off my hat to him. He will have reached the height of moral heroism no white man can hope to attain.

The Lawrence correspondence of the Kansas City Times, shows how much more backward that part of the Union is than Alberta.

"In classic Lawrence," we are told, "the home of 200 college professors, enough 'Prince Albert' coats could not be found to accommodate half a dozen members of the cast that presented 'Ysbrand,' the Van Eden play to-night. Professor J. E. Boodin, who is managing the play, searched the town and found only one 'Prince Albert.' That one is owned by Professor J. N. Van der Vries, a young bachelor on the faculty. Professor Van der Vries says that he lent the coat so much to professors and public men in Lawrence that he considers it public property."

There is no question that so intimately concerns the welfare of the average citizen as that of a country's fiscal policy, yet there is none that is so difficult to discuss. A tariff debate is most wearisome to two classes of people, those who have given the subject no thought and those who have given it a great deal. The former cannot see why anybody should get excited over a lot of dry statistics and abstruse theories. The latter know that ninety-nine out of every one hundred of those who advance these ideas have never taken the trouble to study the problems involved as they must be studied in order to secure a clear comprehension of them. Political economists have been working over them for generations. 'Till we know something of the result of their investigations, how can we discuss low tariff or high tariff, free trade or protection, intelligently? There is too much involved in these for any off-hand treatment. Political economy is a science and till we are guided by it in framing our policies, we cannot have anything but confusion and loss.

It is no wonder, therefore, that people in the  
(Continue on Page Eight.)



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The crowded tavern's din  
Where all day long with oath and song  
Sit they who entrance win;  
So come I out from noise and rout  
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse  
Or rugged coat and poor.  
But Silence waits within the gates—  
And Peace beside the door;  
The weary guest is welcomed,  
The richest pays no score.

The roof is high and arched and blue,  
The floor is spread with pine;  
On my four walls the sunlight falls  
In golden floods and fire;  
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet,  
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Upon my board they set their store—  
Great drinks mixed cunningly,  
Wherein the scent of furs is blent.  
With odor of the deer,  
As from a cup I drink it up  
To thrill the veins of me.

It's I will sit in God's Green Inn  
Un vexed by man or ghost,  
Yet ever fed and comforted,  
Compensated by mine host.  
And watched at night by that white  
light  
High-sung from coast to coast.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife  
Quarrel and game and sin,  
Come out and see what cheer may be  
For starveling souls and thin,  
Who come at last from drought and fast  
To sit in God's Green Inn!  
—Theodosia Garrison, in Scribner's.

### AN OUTSIDER AT THE HOSPITAL MEETING

I am not given to running to meetings of any shape or character. If I can possibly get out of them, between ourselves, they bore me unutterably, but I did go to the Edmonton hospital meeting in All Saints' schoolroom on Monday afternoon for the purpose of electing the board of directors for the coming year.

I went, because I had one great big curiosity to know what on earth all of the talk is about; why husbands and wives are in many cases on two sides of the fence on the hospital policy; why one moment I hear the Ladies' Hospital Aid getting pitched into pokers and tongs, and the next the "Old Board" coming in for the most scathing denunciations; to see if the street rumors heard so persistently regarding the hospital and its work, were true, where it seems to me they should have been aired; in short, to obtain some explanation of a great many things that have been puzzling me. Out of the chaos of a meeting lasting nearly four hours, I came away with the following impressions. Remember I am a rank outsider, with not sufficient interest to pay the five dollars necessary to secure a vote. I had no preconceived ideas as to who has the right or wrong end of the issue. I went to the meeting from motives of pure curiosity to see what was doing, and between listening to private conversations, and hearing public utterances on the situation, I came away in greater darkness than when I went.

For it seems to me that both sides are right and both sides are wrong. There is too much of personality in the issue, too little hospital. Too much "down with certain members of the Board," and too many personal references to the president of the Ladies' Aid.

To an onlooker it seems as if the interest lay in an issue between Mrs. Murphy and her ideas, and certain of the Hospital directors and theirs, rather than a genuine desire on the part of both to get together and give us what we need, a proper and well-conducted hospital.

When I speak of Mrs. Murphy and her attitude in the matter, I might as well write the Ladies' Hospital Aid, for almost to a woman they stand solidly by their very capable and energetic president.

Mrs. Murphy is a woman of ideas, a woman of striking personality. Whatever undertaking she identifies herself with, before long one hears what "Mrs. Murphy thinks," and "what Mrs. Murphy says." She is a natural leader; one of those women who absolutely dominate every gathering they attend. And a great many of her ideas are good and progressive and always they lay the merit of evidencing original thought, and careful

research, which is more than can be said of some of the men.

Since Mrs. Murphy descended on the town she has done a vast deal of agitating, and never more conspicuously than in the case of stirring up a real and active interest in the Public Hospital matters.

One may not always agree with methods or conclusions, but in strict fairness one recognizes, and is bound to admit, that she is most terribly in earnest, and capable of playing any antagonist at his own game.

On Monday I almost forgot the Ladies' Aid and their arguments in the interest of following the battle of wits between their president and several of the men ranged on the other side of the house. Not all of the men spoke to, or referred to her personally, but everyone felt that back of almost every speech was an underlying sense that she was there listening to, and sizing the matter up. It was rather an uncanny feeling, as if one aimed a general remark straight at the head of one particular person in the room, without caring to look at her or glance her out.

I noticed the men every little while looked to see how she was taking matters, and I know that every word she uttered was listened to with undivided attention. Some of the men heartily applauded her utterances. I gathered that she was really listening to, and sizing the matter up. It was rather an uncanny feeling, as if one aimed a general remark straight at the head of one particular person in the room, without caring to look at her or glance her out.

To return to the question in hand. I am at a loss to understand why the feeling exists among the Ladies' Aid that men are anxious to serve as directors on the Board. To me it appears a most ungrateful task, bringing down a man's head anathemas unutterable, without so far as I can see any compensation except numberless, alternately spirited and worrying meetings, with perhaps a little salve of feeling that they are acting from public-spirited motives.

Why again should the mere question of a site have been allowed to delay the building of so necessary an institution for two whole years, years in which many lives have paid the penalty of inadequate accommodation, and acknowledged ill-conduct of a public utility?

Why, when for years past it has been recognized and common talk that there were features that could very easily have been remedied in connection with the public hospital, have the Ladies' Aid and the Board allowed these things to continue?

I have forgotten the exact number, but we learned on Monday from a report of the visiting committee that there are only twelve or fourteen cups and saucers among both sick and well in the institution, the same dishes being used by both. Why was this allowed to be?

The Hospital, in addition, was pronounced almost too cold and unfit for the residence of healthy people, and yet, metaphorically speaking, it opens its arms to take in the sick.

I have heard other things regarding conditions there, from doctors, nurses, and members of the Ladies' Aid that boggle description, so much so, that I long ago made up my mind that I personally would never patronize the institution. There are a great many others in town whom I have heard express sentiments of a like kind.

Listen to always pouring in from the Ladies' Aid, we learn, and yet no accounting given—and again no linen to even change one bed.

Patients critically ill, and the Hospital left in sole charge of a probationer.

Was this, then, a time to spar over sites? Was there not sufficient urgency for concerted action for Board and Aid to get together, and forgive little differences of opinion. It is all very well to look to the future, but the future has a way of taking care of itself that the sick people of the present time have not. It is to-day with them. Now or never.

I say if certain reprehensible conditions were known to exist, why were they not made public, and the Board or someone forced to take action? Why speak of them at all if not to remedy them?

Why is it, again, that certain public servants are unjustifiably, and by expert opinions, pronounced incapable and yet allowed to retain office? Why are the doctors silent, they who are in a position to know? Why are abuses and mistakes hushed up in institutions? Why is the isolation hospital, pronounced by doctors as almost

unfit for occupancy, and yet allowed to continue receiving infectious diseases of all descriptions, whose "isolation" is laughable, if it were not so tragic? Why do doctors acknowledge that the carrying out of a great deal of the disinfection of private houses is absolutely inadequate, and yet permit the game to go on uninterrupted? Why, why, why?—the whole thing is a Chinese puzzle.

Daily the newspapers are blamed for not airing abuses that those in authority and a position to know do nothing to remedy. The papers are wise enough to know how beautifully they would be blocked if they tried it and leave matters to take their course. Professional etiquette is a weird and an incomprehensible thing, and has to be handled accordingly.

I was very much amused at Mr. Travis-Barker's three-reed "resolution," and the time (having no particular and in view so far as I could see, except a recapitulation of what people already knew, and which was already embodied in the work set out for the Board) it was allowed to take up.

Mr. Barker always fogs me a trifle, his language is so picturesque. For instance, his reference to the sick as "fallen humanity," his "pros and cons," his "sticking a billet home," etc., etc., and his side-steps into the work of the United Aids, etc., grows after a time a trifle confusing. His tribute to editors in general was delicious. "Transits," "autocrats," "men who twisted men's utterances out of shape and made of them what they would," these and many more equally involved epithets, hurled in a high melodramatic voice, delighted and entertained an audience grown a little restive over the slow progress of the proceedings. I don't know where Mr. Barker ended up, as the bell ringing six-thirty peremptorily summoned most of us home. Now, who has been refusing Mr. Barker the use of the columns? Capital, Bulletin or Journal? Less up, who turned down Mr. Travis-Barker's latest effusion?

Following the election of the new Board, from which two hundred and fifty dollars, mostly from women of the Ladies' Aid was realized, the question of municipal ownership as applied to hospitals was broached, and found a doubtful champion in Mrs. Murphy, with a few applauders among the men. Dr. W. A. Wilson, Dr. Harry Smith, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Fraser and others at once rose to protest against the move at this time, and led the audience to believe that even eventually it would be an unwise one.

As may be readily seen there are many points in the hospital situation, but high above all the differences of opinion, stands out the pressing need of speedy and more suitable accommodation—a new hospital.

Quite candidly, though, people may throng a meeting such as Monday's from motives of curiosity, it remains the fact that the time is growing weary of hearing hospital and seeing

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nothing, and is losing interest in the issue.

And because I say this, I am not losing sight of what great good, thanks to expert nursing and unselfish work on both the part of the men and women interested in it, the public hospital has accomplished in the past. Surely, however, a meeting that lasts nearly four hours should arrive at some definite conclusion of how best to remedy any mistakes made in the past, and how to set out to accomplish the best results in the future.

Let us hear less "Board" and less "Ladies' Aid," and more "Hospital."

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As Told by an Edmonton Man

Talking about pioneering in the West, said a gentleman in a cafe in the city the other day, the people settling in this part of the Dominion do not know what hardships are in comparison to what our grand parents underwent that settled in Eastern Canada many years ago. For instance, about Glengarry, it was a bush country, and took years of good hard work to get a clearing sufficiently large to sow any kind of a crop at all. The women used to work just as hard as the men in assisting about the farm labor, as well as doing their household duties, and there are a large number of the Dominion's wealthy citizens who owe all they now possess to the honest toil of their predecessors, and not to their own work or brains.

I remember when I was a boy hearing of some experiences of some relatives of mine—whom we will call Jock and Maggie. They got married and settled down to farming. Jock was a magnificent specimen of a Highlander, standing six feet three inches in his stockings, weighed some 210 lbs., and Maggie as fine a lass as you could meet with anywhere in the settlement, stood five feet ten inches and weighed about 150 lbs. Everybody said they made a bonnie couple, and were accordingly very popular at any of the bees and country dances, for miles around; both of them had a touch of the devil in them, and for fun, frolic and work they had no equals, and the saying was that it was hard to say which was the better man of the two. One bright July morning Jock said: "Mag, old girl, I think we'd better get in the hay today while the weather is like it is." "All right, Jock, whatever you say goes," she answered (it is not so now, however, with the new women; I regret to say) so off they started. They had not far to go and had hauled several loads, and as each load was unloaded into the barn it became hotter and hotter work. The barn was a long one made of fine logs, no boards were used for the floor of the hay loft, simply long poles placed at intervals so as to keep the hay up. Everything was working grandly; Jock up in the loft receiving the hay from Maggie, and putting it in place, when suddenly Jock called out: "Hold on, I am going down to get a drink of buttermilk. I cannot stand this any longer, I am so thirsty." So down he came, and Maggie watched his manly form and thought to herself, "Ahi! but he is a brave laddie."

In a few minutes he reappeared, but what a change in his apparel. No shirt, or pants, but in their stead, by way of a joke, he had donned from his waist one of her petticoats, which costume he assured her was much cooler than his own. They worked and laughed and joked until presently she said: "Hoo! Jock, who is that coming through the gate?" He looked and said, "Oh, mother of Moses, but as sure as you're there, it's His Lordship Bishop Macdonald on one of his usual rounds. Go you and meet him, and explain to him that I am away from home and you don't know when I will be back."

After some delay he explained to His Lordship how sorry her Jock would be at not being home when his reverence called; gave him a glass of nice cold milk and some lovely home-made bread and prayed internally that he would not linger long, for the sake of the wretched practical joker roasting up in the hayloft, where it was growing hotter as the day advanced. But it seems old Nick sometimes enters into the souls of ministers of the Gospel, and the demon of curiosity troubles them like it does so many women and some men. I know this particular Bishop had a touch of it as he said to Maggie, whom he had known from childhood, and who was a great favorite of his: "Ah, lass, it looks to me as if you ha' been making some changes about your barn, and I must go over and have a look at it." A cold shiver ran down Maggie's spine as she thought of the strange costume of being in the barn, and what the holy father would think of her, and her lying so glibly about Jock's absence. And again in a second or two she was relieved by the happy thought that surely his lordship would not want to climb up into the loft anyway. If that wretched man Jock only keeps quiet, and does not cough, or make known the presence of some unseen

person which would be worse still for her to explain away.

There is an old saying that it is always the unexpected that happens, and in this case it did with a vengeance.

Jock knew he heard voices, and thanked the Almighty that at last he would shortly be a free man once more, and he made a mental resolve that there would be no more masquerading in women's clothes for him. This was the first, and it would be the last time of doing it, and then he thought: "But I would be the pretty sight for a picture," and he was so pleased with the happy thought that he got up very quietly to have a peep at the guest he thought was going away, instead of coming towards him, and was in fact just at the open barn door by this time, when he put his whole weight on the end of one of the long poles, displaced it, thus knocking three others out, and down came an avalanche (accompanied by such a yell as only a monster Scotchman could let loose) of a wild man, poles and hay, almost on top of the innocent bishop and his own dear Maggie. To say that there were three astonished human beings all drawn together in such an unexpected fashion is putting it mildly. Luckily, Jock was not hurt. After seeing this was so, the ludicrousness of the whole thing struck all three. Maggie, turning to Jock, said: "You fool, it is for you to get down on your knees like a penitent sinner that you should be, but I don't think you are, from the way you are laughing, after you making such a complete liar of me to your good friend here, in such an unexpected manner."

The good bishop looked at the comical picture who had created, all the consternation, willingly pardoned the two, and went on his way rejoicing at the ending of his unexpected visit, but the story of it was too good to keep, and our friend Jock did not hear the end of it for years after.

F. F. T.

**A SERMON ON TOLERANCE**

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the American Journal-Examiner.)

An intelligent woman who reads all the New Thought literature extant expressed surprise when a friend, who had been travelling in China, spoke of the intellectuality of the men and the beauty of many of the women.

"Why, I always supposed they were half-breeded heathens," she said, "and dreadfully ugly to look upon. You never see any handsome or intellectual Chinamen here!"

It would help this good woman to a larger understanding of the world to read about Confucius and his philosophy.

This great man died, aged seventy years, 479 B.C. His disciples told marvelous tales of his divine birth and of the miraculous forerunners of his coming to earth. Yet during his life he was at various periods persecuted, and once imprisoned and nearly starved, all because he desired to reform the people and lead them into the attainment of "perfect virtue."

The books of Confucius are classics to-day in the Chinese language, and have been translated into nearly all, if not all, languages. Among his sayings is this one, in the Analects 15:23: "What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

More than five hundred years later Christ made this saying more potent and beautiful by changing it to:

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

One is negative goodness, the other positive.

Confucius was asked what he considered perfect virtue.

He replied: "To be able to practise five things everywhere under heaven; that constitutes perfect virtue. These five things are: Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness."

In his talks to rulers, he said: "Act as if you were watching over an infant. If a mother is really anxious about it, she will not be far from divining the wants of her child. From the loving example of one family, a whole State becomes loving; from the ambitions and perverseness of one man a whole State may be led to rebellious disorder. Such is the nature of influence."

"Let every household be rightly ordered. Then the people may be rightly taught. When the sovereign behaves to the aged as the aged should

be behaved to, the people become filial; when the sovereign treats compassionately the young and helpless, the people do the same; when a prince loves what the people love, and hates what they hate, then is he parent of the people.

"The superior man is anxious lest he should not get truth; he is not anxious lest poverty come upon him.

"There are three things men find enjoyment in which are advantageous; and three things which are injurious. To find enjoyment in discrediting study of ceremonies and music, in speaking good of others, in having many worthy friends, those are advantages.

"To find enjoyment in idleness and sauntering, in the excesses of feasting, in extravagant pleasures, these are injurious."

Confucius believed in morality and in immortal life, as is seen by his constant references to heaven. "Sounds and appearances are but trivial things; the doings of Supreme Heaven have neither sound nor smell. That is perfect virtue."

Now heaven is builded of our thoughts and every thought is a spiritual atom, laid in the offices. The bigger and broader and more tolerant your thoughts, the bigger your edifice will be when you pass on to that Other Country.

A vast number of religious, good and well-meaning Americans will find very narrow cabins waiting for them in that land; because the prominent trait of the orthodox American mind is intolerance regarding the intellectual

(Continued to page four.)

**HASSAN**  
Cork Tipped  
**Cigarettes**The Oriental Smoke  
Ten for ten centsSmokers have caught on to their low price  
and fine quality**ANOTHER SUCCESS****The Beaver House Chapter I.O.D.E.**

WILL PRESENT SHAKESPEARE'S

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**Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club**

AT THE

**Empire Theatre**

ON

**Saturday, January 29th**

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Prices \$1.00, 75c and 50c

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**THE CAST INCLUDES:**

MRS. J. D. HYNDMAN  
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Beautiful Costumes, Sumptuous Scenery, Special Music  
Saturday Night will be Students' Night



## Home and Society

Calgary.

H. C. Powley, of Swift Current, is in the city.

The Sons of Scotland had a "Night w' Burns" in Sherman's Hall on Tuesday evening, January 25th.

Mrs. Glenholm MacDougall, of Port Arthur, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McEwen, 301 Twelfth avenue West.

The ladies of St. John's church are planning for a second fancy dress carnival in the east end rink during the first week of February.

Mrs. Pierce entertained at bridge on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Sandford Davis will not receive until further notice.

Miss Chatwin, of Edmonton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Moir.

Miss Stringer, American Hill, gave a dance on Monday evening.

Dr. Stewart MacKie returned this week from a short stay at the coast.

Mrs. Clement, of Brandon, is a guest of Mrs. N. Hayden, First street West.

Miss Killoran, teacher at Strathmore, spent a few days this week in the city.

Miss Ings, Thirteenth avenue, west, gave a social evening at her home on Tuesday.

H. Sheffield and bride returned from Londonderry, Nova Scotia, on Tuesday.

On February 3rd, Mrs. Loughheed is giving a dance in honor of her son, Norman Loughheed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hull and Miss Semper left on Wednesday night for Corfu.

The Misses McKinnon were the hostesses of a jolly skating party on Tuesday evening.

Miss Harris gave a very delightful missionary tea on Tuesday in aid of the Church of the Redeemer.

Mrs. J. W. Cain, of Medicine Hat, is the guest of Mrs. Fred Bulich, "The Briers," Fifth avenue West.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, of Edmonton, visited at the home of A. W. R. Markley, Fifth avenue West, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley are among the citizens who are enjoying the winter months in California.

Rev. Robert Pearson, of Edmonton, spoke very ably at the Men's Own on Sunday afternoon, and preached to the carlers on Sunday night. Every available seat in the large edifice at Central church was utilized, and many could not get in. The choir furnished special music for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Norton are spending a few weeks in Toronto as the guests of the latter's uncle, Sir Henry Pellatt.

Miss Balle of London, Ont., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Baldwin Hutcheon, who gave a bridge on Thursday evening in honor of her guest.

Mrs. Tennant and Miss Tennant, of Braebridge, Ont., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tennant, corner of Centre street and Fourteenth avenue, W. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell left this week for the southern States. They will visit Florida, and other parts during the next few months.

The Girls' Literary Club will hold their regular meeting on Tuesday at 4.30 o'clock in the choir room of Knox church.

Mrs. E. E. Crosby, formerly of Perth, Ont., and George Campbell were very quietly married at the Baptist parsonage on Saturday evening by Rev. J. C. Sycamore.

The ladies' Bible class of Knox church gave a reception on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. C. A. Stuart for all the young ladies of the congregation. A very pleasant evening was spent in music and social chat.

Miss Scott has sent out cards for a dance to be held in the old Calgary General Hospital on Tuesday, February 5th. The supper will take the form of an old-fashioned box social. Pretty boxes will be provided by the ladies; auctioned and bought by the gentlemen. The proceeds are to help to provide furniture for the nurseries at the new hospital.

Mrs. J. P. Jephson gave a very enjoyable five hundred on Wednesday of this week. Mrs. Bone and Mrs. Ings were the fortunate winners of the first prizes, and Miss Lilly and Miss Burk, carried off the consolation trophies. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Masson, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. McEwen, Mrs. Howley, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Sanoon, and the Misses Burk, Shackleton and Ings.

Among the very pretty post-nuptial receptions of this season was that of Mr. Robert Burns—nee Miss Baker, held on Saturday afternoon at her cozy home on Second avenue, in Sunnyside. Mrs. Burns was charming in

a pretty cream reception gown, princess in style, with garniture of tucked net and satin flappings. She was assisted in the drawing room by her mother, Mrs. Barker, in a handsome black silk costume; and Miss Henselwood, who wore a very rich navy blue dress with touches of cream. The tea room was in charge of Miss Summers, prettily gowned in flowered tulle, and Miss Burnett, in a very becoming costume, served the appetizing viands. Here and there through the arctic home were massive clusters of daybreak carnations, and these also formed a pretty centre for the polished board in the tea room.

Mrs. John J. Young was the charming hostess at a bridge yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Young wore a handsome flowered silk costume, with garniture of silk net and applique, and extended a pleasing word of welcome to each of her interesting guests. A bright spirited game was enjoyed by the lively contestants at four tables, the winner of the first prize being Mrs. Turner-Bone, the second Mrs. English, while Mrs. Ings captured the consolation. The pretty home was rendered more beautiful than ever by the many clusters of pale pink carnations and rich greenery. Miss Findlay, Miss Lilly and Miss Young, all in pretty reception gowns, assisted in serving the very delectable refreshments. Among those who participated in this delightful afternoon were: Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. (Dr.) Smith, Madame Talbot, Mrs. Lilly, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Ings, Mrs. Newbold, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Scott-Dawson, Mrs. English, Mrs. Herron, Mrs. D. J. Young and Mrs. Davis.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 19th, when Miss Elizabeth Millar Wallace Robson was made the happy wife of Rawson Renton, at the residence of Rev. Mr. Clark. Miss Lilly Robson, assisted the bride, while Mr. Frank Croft, ably attended the groom.

On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons Mrs. (Hon.) W. H. Cushing held her first reception in her beautiful new home on Fourth avenue W. The days were perfect and the very brilliant of the champagne without seemed to cast a glow of radiance through the splendid reception rooms. The spacious hall was prettily brightened by the purest white carnations, and the drawing room was a taste of summer with its fragrant and massive bouquets of lovely marguerites, white in the centre of the tea table, and here and there upon the mantelpiece gay and fragrant, were artistically arranged clusters of deep crimson carnations. Mrs. Cushing received at the entrance of the dining room, and wore a very attractive gown of grey silk, with artistic touches of satin and rich lace. Mrs. Cushing, mother of Hon. W. H. Cushing, was present, and also wore a lovely grey costume. Miss Markie, in a very becoming gown of royal grape silk, with garniture of cream lace, and Miss Anna Howson, in champagne tulle, with touches of lace and applique, assisted in serving the dainty refreshments.

The reception given by Miss Stringer and her brother, Mr. Bert Stringer, last Saturday afternoon in honor of their sister, Mrs. Chas. Hembury, was unique and enjoyable. The interior of the pretty home on American Hill was made beautiful by numerous clusters of pink carnations, extending from very palest to the deepest shades, each blending harmoniously with the very lovely chrysanthemum blooms. In a cosy little alcove, partially obscured by a wealth of ferns and palms, was Augade's orchestra, which furnished delightful music. Mr. Calne, in the kindest way, graciously responded to his many invitations to sing, and gave some very pretty vocal selections. The guest of honor wore a handsome white silk gown, on train, and a blue picture hat, while the charming hostess was lovely in a delicate pink silk, with touches of cream.

The first part of the afternoon was spent in a jolly five hundred, at which Miss Mason and Miss J. Glanville won the pretty trophies.

Many of the gentlemen accepted the hospitality of their friends and partook of the dainty refreshments which were served by the Misses Ings and the Misses Stringer, all pretty and becoming gowns. The tea room was presided over by Mrs. Loughheed, who wore a perfectly lovely gown of old rose, and Mrs. C. MacMahon, in a royal grape gown, princess style, with chapeau to correspond.

Only a few of the guests were: Misses O'Neill, Costigan, Kerr, Young, Findlay, Harris, Ings, Glanville, De Sousa, Lilly Hortzman, Heal, Lowes, Crandall, Innis, Lane, Mans, Neilson, Cameron, Hamilton, Mesdames Loughheed, MacMahon, Hutcheon, H. Stringer, and Messrs. Forbes, Storer, Arthur, Sutton, Millar, Wier, Hembury, Stan-

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Two Nights Only  
Friday and Saturday of This Week

## The Great Briton & Boer War

The Most Sensational War Scene Ever Taken  
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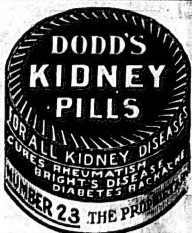
Campbell Furniture Company  
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## Supply Your Furniture Needs This Month

Every Householder who needs or will need in the near future any FURNITURE or CARPETS for the home should by all means take advantage of the exceptional opportunity the Campbell Furniture are offering. Hundreds have reaped the benefit of this January Sale, and now that the month draws to a close we would say to those who have not shared in this great sale—come to-day and you will find the biggest and greatest assortment of new furniture that has ever been your opportunity to see. We emphasize the fact that there is no old stock. Every piece of furniture in our store is new and always carries the "Campbell Furniture Company Guarantee." Read the following list, then come in and select what you want:

Dressers and Stands, Surface Oak, Bevel Mirror	\$10.00
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Children's High Chair, with Table (special)	1.75
Golden Oak Arm Rockers	2.75
Bed, Brass Knobs, Best Make	
Spring, Dominion Weave, Iron Frame Complete	10.90
Mattress, Wool Fibre, Wool Two Sides	
Good Opaque Window Shades, on Hartshorne Rollers	.45

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Tendency to oversleep

There you have it in a nutshell, the reason why many people who arise with alacrity in summer time find an alarm clock necessary at this time of the year.

We keep none but the best and guarantee every clock a perfect timepiece.

## G. F. WATCHER

Manufacturing Jeweler  
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Phone 1647 124 Jasper Ave. E.

## Last Few Days

Of Special Prices. For the remaining days of this month we are offering a

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENT**  
to ladies in Directorate Satin Gowns in the latest evening and afternoon shades, also Sequin Gowns at

**Greatly Reduced Prices**

Tailor Made Suits and Gowns will also be made up at the advertised prices. Just a few left. In Separate Coats and Ready-to-Wear Gowns to be cleared out at Half Price

THE FORBES-TAYLOR CO.  
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**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
THE ONLY  
DOUBLE TRACK  
LINE  
Between  
**CHICAGO AND EASTERN CANADA**  
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**DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE TO NEW YORK**  
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THROUGH COACHES AND  
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**AGENCY FOR COOK'S TOURS**

Special Tours to the Mediterranean  
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For Rates, Reservations, Time  
Tables and full information, apply to

**A. E. DUFF**  
General Agent Pass. Dept.  
280 Portage ave, Winnipeg, Man.

## Great Sacrifice Sale of Millinery

Having received a late shipment of the latest millinery goods I have decided to put on a sale and all Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats must go at cost so as to clear all out by 1st of February. So now is your chance to get a stylish and up-to-date hat at cost price, and what would be a more suitable Christmas present than a man to bring his wife a pretty hat? And now is your time, and the place:

**MISS M. LYONS**  
460 FRASER AVENUE  
One block from Namayo Avenue car line.

**HOTEL Martha Washington**  
NEW YORK'S  
Exclusive Woman's Hotel  
29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue  
Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Convenient to subway and cross town car lines.  
Entire of Theatre and Shopping District Rates, \$1.00 and up  
European Plan. 40 rooms with telephone Bath free on each floor. **THEATROPO**  
**A. W. EAGER**

## Home and Society

Edmonton.

That "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" had the good fortune to delight the four audiences who attended its performance on the last three days of last week, is universally conceded. Surprised, as well as delighted, the one is bound to conclude, after hearing the general comment indulged in. Apparently people were not expecting too much, and the unique experience of the clever little play being far in advance of what they had hoped for, stirred them up to an enthusiasm seldom witnessed in Edmonton.

Because it means that the Amateur Dramatic Club's existence is vindicated, as a club the members must all rejoice. They have the universal goodwill of the public. That was proved by the attendance and the words of appreciation that were heard, and the assurance will serve in days to come to stir to even greater effort.

What honest hard work there is contained in the getting up of a play such as "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" only those who have taken part in such productions can appreciate. The exact inflections of the voice necessary to convey just the original idea intended by the author; the hundred and one little details spoken of as "business"; the staging and dressing of the piece; the endless rehearsals—the success of the whole being dependent on the most careful attention to the smallest details; these are things hardly grasped by the general public, but clearly apparent to the most amateurish of amateurs. By them the play stands or falls, and because this is so I want at this time to pay just tribute to the man to whom the success of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is honestly due, "Mr. Albert E. Nash, kindliest and most painstaking of stage managers, a jolly, good fellow and possessed of the patience of Job.

If the play was more than usually successful for an amateur production, it was because he drilled his fine points into his associates, and because he had co-operating with him as members of the caste a company of people who each in his or her part, whether it was small or great, did his and her best to fill it as he had outlined. For Mr. Nash to both stage-manage the piece and fill as well the exceedingly difficult role of Lord Huntworth at the same time, it is conclusive evidence that he has marked ability along these lines, of an exceptional order. Behind the scenes things moved like clock-work, and no matter if a piece was made a flop or bore the exceedingly difficult role of Lord Huntworth at the same time, it is conclusive evidence that he has marked ability along these lines, of an exceptional order.

Bouquets have been the order of the day for all the party from the newsway up since last week's performance. Mr. Donald Robinson being highly spoken of as absolutely inimitable and perfect in his role of the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Pillinger. Personally I think I have never seen a finer characterization. Make-up, enunciation, voice and manner, all evidenced art of the very highest order. Miss Cornelia Hughes as his maiden sister was another excellent bit of work. To quote Captain Dorvason's picturesque language, she was perfectly "ripping" being especially good in the scene with her brother and Captain Dorvason when she relates her finding of the latter in the broom-cupboard.

Miss Dickie was a spirited, winsome Lucy; looked as sweet as a pretty young girl could look, and carrying through her part with an ease and a genuine pleasure in it, that impressed every one who saw her.

Kesiah (Mrs. Barrow), sauciest of skillets, how shall one write of her! There was only one fault to find with her, she kept too persistently out of the way. Her little scenes with Cook were admirable, and made one long for a sight of her vivacious little face, and saucy teasing ways, every time the curtain went up.

Captain Dorvason (Mr. Dickie), was another aspirant for honors who grew better with each performance. His work throughout was capital, just the hesitating, blundering manner one might expect from an army man just in his element. He was at his best in his scenes with Mr. and Miss Pillinger, when he seemed to have the happy faculty of forever getting himself into the most ludicrous positions.

Larry Manuel was never intended for a parson, but he made a good one, and I am sure would have been chased to death by pretty girl parishioners if they had ever run across him in real life. He wasn't "nervous, merely anxious," as he himself explained. Even so have had of good-looking young curates been before him, since ever curates were made.

Gandy—there's only one of him, and Mr. Williams is his name. Knows when to say "Amen," has an eye to a good cook as a wife, is, however, a philosopher, and can rise even above "waul cullet" for supper.

On Friday night the Beaver House Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire invited the cast to supper after the performance, when Mrs. Wm. Short very hospitably threw open her home for their reception, and Daughters and amateurs enjoyed a pleasant little evening and a dainty supper.

On Saturday the members of the company had dinner following the matinee at Lewis's, when amid the greatest harmony and good fellowship Mr. Nash thanked them one and all for their hearty co-operation in making the affair so great a success.

This week Mr. Robinson is producing "Twelfth Night" on Thursday; Friday and Saturday evenings, with a matinee performance at the same theatre, the Empire, for which I bespeak your further patronage.

Mrs. Robert Mays and Mrs. Bishop leave on Tuesday next for Santa Barbara, Cal. Mrs. Mays expects to be absent from town about two months.

Miss Marjory Beck is also leaving for the south early in the week, her destination being Los Angeles, Cal. where she will visit an aunt.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, who was expected home this week from a visit to her parents at Moscow, Idaho, has decided to remain over for another fortnight.

Westward the eyes of ambitious householders seem turning longingly. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cooper are among the last recruits, leaving their present home on Seventh street in the course of a month to move out to Fourteenth street.

I see that Mrs. Norquay is visiting in town.

Mrs. Sydney Woods left for Winnipeg on Thursday to spend a couple of weeks with her brother, Mr. Arthur Brown and his bride.

The Apron Tea in aid of Christ Church, which was given on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Dickens by some of the ladies of the congregation, attracted a great many people, all of whom patronized the pretty offerings from frilly, dainty little afternoon work-aprons, to the sensible, large kitchen size. I understand so substantial a sum was realized from the tea, that another, "a pin-cushion tea," will be held next month at the residence of Miss Crookall. This makes the third tea of a series, a "bag tea" having been given last month.

I am indebted to a reader of this column for the following:

On Tuesday last Mr. A. E. Jackson received for the first time since moving into his fine new residence at 280 Sixth street. The reception hall and drawing-room were beautifully decorated with palms, purple cyclamen and white chrysanthemums and carnations, while the handsome dining-room was brilliant with cut-glass and silver candelabra. In the centre of the polished mahogany table rested a cut-glass bowl of American beauty roses. Here Mrs. McQueen and Mrs. Gray presided, while Mrs. Henderson served the ices, and Miss Annie McDougall and Miss Elsie Stocks, were two pretty assistants.

Mrs. McQueen's little daughter opened the door to the many callers during the afternoon. Mrs. Jackson received in a very becoming gown of champagne silk with oriental insert-

## Through the Stock-Taking Sieve

As announced last week there are certain lines which are too "short" to make it worth while carrying over, and these will offer everyone very special opportunities for snapping a good bargain.

There is an additional reason for offering these specials named below; they are in the ready-to-wear department, and, as you probably know already from reading our advertisements, there is to be opened very soon on the second floor a thoroughly up-to-date salon for showing and fitting the choicest kinds of costumes, etc., that have ever been displayed in Edmonton. So we want no winter stock left and are prepared to let what we have go at "any old price." These are all the current season's goods.

## "Ready-to-wear" below Cost

**\$7.50 CLOTH COATS, WORTH UP TO \$16 FOR \$7.50**

These are all late fall styles and in many cases bear the same features as the early spring goods. Black, navy and brown. Most are of the semi-fitting type and trimmed with stitched straps of self and silk soutache braid. Bust sizes from 32 to 42. See these in the window. Real snap at.....**\$7.50**

**\$5.00 CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' COATS, WORTH UP TO \$10.00 FOR \$5.00**

12 locales these, ranging in size from 8 to 16 years. Tailored in broad and cheviot, some with inlaid velvet collar and lined. Colors, mixed tweeds, tans and red chevrons. An honest bargain at.....**\$5.00**

**\$15.00 FUR TRIMMED COATS, WORTH \$23 AND \$27 FOR \$15.00**

Just three which are outstaying their welcome, so we are adopting stringent measures to hasten their departure. Two are lined throughout with good quality venetian, have full fur collar and revers of Western Sable and Japanese Mink nicely trimmed, and the third is half lined with quilted merocette, has collar and revers of Columbia Sable and is well trimmed on sleeves, across back and down side seams with ottoman silk. Two are navy and one brown. Worth none the less because the price is so much reduced.

**\$7.95. SKIRTS WORTH UP TO \$15 FOR \$7.95**

Tailored in the best quality, all wool and voile, some plain, others in satin stripe and more in fancy check material. Most have pleats in various effects, the trimmings are mostly taffeta, while a few have satin strapping. Black, brown and navy; 38 to 42. Going at.....**\$7.95**

**\$1.50 ENGLISH SILK UNDERSKIRTS AT ONLY \$1.50**

This is a full, well made skirt in fine quality English silk with deep flounce of 6 small frills and dust ruffle. Black only. Sizes 38 to 42. This value is truly exceptional and none should pass it lightly by.....**\$1.50**

## W. JOHNSTONE WALKER & CO.

263-267 JASPER AVENUE EAST

PHONE 1351

tion, and will be at home in future on the first Friday of the month.

Mrs. Bettes is giving a children's skating party on Saturday afternoon, after which the young people will adjourn to her residence for high tea.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald, of Glenora, had a small dinner-bridge on Saturday evening last, five covers being laid and two tables later participating in a jolly game of bridge. Mrs. Swatland and Dr. Duncan Smith came off with the top scores, and were awarded two pretty prizes. The dinner table was beautifully arranged with pink carnations and fern, silver-pretty-shaded candle-lights adding their touch of beauty to the whole.

Miss Mary Campbell, the artist is expected home from her sojourn abroad towards the end of last week. She is spending a few days with her married sister in Amherst, en route.

The Willing Workers are holding a carnival in the Thistle Rink a week from this Friday night, in aid of All Saints' Church, which, from all the previous records they have established for themselves, should prove a very successful event. Everyone loves a carnival. Then pretty girls look their prettiest, and handsome cavaliers, if ever, have a chance to put their best foot forward. I am sure that with this long notice ahead, a great many fetching costumes will be evolved and that these Willing Workers and their worthy object will net a very substantial sum.

Mrs. W. C. Ingill's post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday afternoons, naturally attracted a very large number of people anxious to extend to this popular young bride, the kindly sentiments they had always felt for her as Alice McDougall, and throughout both afternoons she was kept busily employed shaking hands and receiving congratulations on her charming new home.

For her reception she was wearing her exquisite wedding-gown, a semi-

empire of white duchess satin, with an over-dress of magnificent draped net lace, the pattern showing a basket design and daisies in relief. The corsage was trimmed with beautiful Rose-Pointe, while silk ball fringe edged the loose bolero jacket, and satin laces and fringe of narrow braid finished the yoke and sleeves.

On Thursday Mrs. John A. McDougall assisted her in receiving, looking

(Continued on Page Eight.)

PHONE 1813

## City Grocery Co.

Cor. of 8th and Jasper

**Noted for high-class Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, Fresh Meats, Fish.**

All goods guaranteed of highest quality at lowest prices

**SPECIAL FOR CASH, SATURDAY ONLY**

20 lb. sack B. C. Sugar, 3 lb. tin Tetley's high grade Tea - - - - - \$1.85  
Rice, regular 10c, - - - - - 4 lbs. for 25c  
Finest Fatma Rice, - - - - - 3 lbs. for 25c  
Tomato Sauce (Pints) regular 30c - - - - - 20c  
Capitol Flour 98 lb. sack, - - - - - \$3.00  
Royal Household or Five Roses, - - - - - 3.35

**PROMPT DELIVERY**

## No "Cussing" from 'Hubby'

When he comes to put on a collar that has been laundered at the Snow Flake Laundry. "The Best is None Too Good" is our motto. Give us a trial. We call and deliver your laundry promptly.

## Snow Flake Laundry

PHONE 2185 **EMPIRE** Modern Vaudeville

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NEXT AT 8.30 P.M.

VINA'S MODELS—Reproducing famous paintings by the best artists.  
THE MUSICAL MONTGOMERYS—Elaborate novelty musical act.  
CORA HALL—English Comedienne.

THE HROLICKAS—Lyric and operatic singers.  
ERRETTO BROTHERS—Novelty Equilibrists.  
ALICE PINKSTON—In Pictured Melody.

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Empire Orchestra, Director: Thos. Irving. Popular Selections.

MATINEES: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 3 O'CLOCK



## "Canada Dry" Pale Ginger Ale

A Welcome Guest in any household. Order from your grocer or liquor dealer.

NOTE—The name **McLaughlin** on Carbonated beverages is equivalent to the "Hall-mark" on a piece of silver, each is a guarantee of quality.

**J. J. McLAUGHLIN, Ltd.**

Phone 1436

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TORONTO, EDMONTON, WINNIPEG

## AFTER THEATRE GO TO LEWIS' CAFE FOR SUPPER

Oysters on Half Shell.

Business Men's Lunch, 35 Cents, from 12—2.

Open until 2 a.m.

Next to Orpheum Theatre.

## Persistency Draws Big Wages!

Enough persistency to make something else probable of accomplishment will almost always finish the task in want advertising. This quality of persistency draws its biggest rewards in want advertising—wins its surest laurels.

To "know when to quit" is important in somethings. To know when to **KEEP ON** is important in want advertising. It's the secret of the person who is called "fortunate."

**THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.**  
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The Capital Wine & Spirit Co.

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## FOR Fine Job Printing

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**THE SATURDAY NEWS LIMITED**  
39 Howard Avenue, Edmonton

## Here and There

### CROSSING THE DIVIDE

By J. W. Foley.  
Parson, I'm a maverick, just runnin' loose an' grain'.  
Eatin' where's th' greenest grass an' drinkin' where I choose.  
Had to rustle in my youth an' never had no raisin'.  
Wasn't never halter broke, an' I ain't much to look;  
Used to sleepin' in a bag an' livin' in a slacker.  
Church folks never branded me—I don't know as they tried;  
Wish you'd say a prayer for me an' try to make a dicker.  
For the best they'll give me when I cross the Big Divide.

Tell 'em I ain't been corralled a night in more'n twenty.  
Tell 'em I'm rawboned and rough an' I ain't much for looks;  
Tell 'em I don't need much grief because I've had a plenty.  
I don't know how bad I am 'cause I ain't got no books.  
Tell 'em I shoot straight an' quick an' ain't got much to hide;  
Have 'em come an' size me up as soon as I get landed.

I just want my needin's when I cross th' Big Divide.  
Tell 'em I rode straight an' square an' never grabbed for leather.  
Never roped a crippled steer or rode a sore-backed horse.  
Tell 'em I've bucked wind an' rain an' every sort of weather.  
Had my tilts with Al K. Hall an' Captain R. B. Morse.

Don't hide nothin' from 'em whether it be sweet or bitter.  
Tell 'em I'll stay on the range, but if I'm shut outside  
I'll abide it like a man, because I ain't no quitter.  
I ain't going to change just when I cross the Big Divide.

Tell 'em when th' round-up comes for all us human critters,  
Just corral me with my kind an' run a brand on me;  
I don't want to be corralled with hypocrites and quitters.  
Brand me just for what I am—an' I'm just what you see.

I don't want no steam-hot stall or brambash for my ration.  
I just want to meet the Boss an' face him honest-eyed.  
Show him just what chips I got an' shove 'em in for cashin'.  
That's what you can tell 'em when cross the Big Divide.

### CARONIA TO TALK 1,200 MILES

The Cunard liner Caronia has been equipped with the most powerful wireless apparatus in use on any steamship. The apparatus is powerful enough to send messages 1,200 miles, thus enabling the ship to hold telegraphic communication with England or Scotland from Naples or Genoa when she is assigned to the Mediterranean service in the latter part of this month.

The apparatus is said to be three times as powerful as any apparatus afloat at the present time.

### NOT AN APPLICANT FOR THAT

He was altogether a tired looking sort of person from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. His hat was tired, his collar, if indeed he had ever worn one, was so tired that it had retired beyond the vision of man, and even the patches upon his knees looked as if they would welcome it to rest. Moreover, he was much in need of a shave and of several other abjunctory processes through which the full and perfect man should occasionally go before presenting himself in polite society. Indeed, the only thing about him that was not tired was his manner, and this was alarmingly fresh, as he stopped at the farmhouse door and requested food and a job in tones bordering perilously on those of command.

"You will excuse me, madam, for addressing a lady without being introduced," he began, "but observin' that there was no men about the place I—"  
"Now, just you move on," retorted the lady of the manor. "We ain't got no tramps about this place, and I'll just have you to understand right now that whether there's any men about this place now or at any other time—young, middle-aged, light, dark, or yellow—we ain't wantin' in protest 'em when the time comes that we need 'em, which fellers of your kind, wanderin' about the country all day tryin' to avoid work and livin' on the fat o' the land earned by the sweat o' some one else's brow, and lookin' for a chance to lay your hands on anything you can carry off without strainin' your muscles, seems to think we ain't got with in reach, as I could prove the contrary of in a jerk of a ram's tail if I had a mind to ring that bell and see you fastened onto the roof, by pullin' this here

cord alongside the wash basin, which Lord knows I ain't seen' as how I ain't none of these weak sassy women what can't handle the best man that ever lived without no help from no body, or thanks to the neighbors, which on the whole ain't no better' they should be when it comes down to a straightforward case o' fight or take your medec'—"

"Excuse me, madam," interrupted the Weary Wayfarer, making rapidly for the gate, "I find I've made a mistake. I wanted a job on a farm, not in a gas house."

And he skipped blithely up the road with little evidence of that weariness which had lent distinction to his carriage in the moments immediately preceding the interview.

### SHE WAS TOO QUICK FOR THEM

There were three at the little table in the cafe, a lady and two men. Suddenly the electric lights went out and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up each man was seen to be smiling complacently.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me."  
Then the men suddenly glared at each other and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

### JEST LAZY

Some folks they say they're tired to death.

They jest can't drag around;  
They jest would like to give it up  
An' lie down on the ground.  
They are so awful, awful tired  
They don't know what to do;  
An' thus they say, day after day,  
The same ol' thing to you.

Some say the weather makes 'em tired.  
It is so dry an' hot;  
Some say it is the work they do,  
An' cavil at their lot.

At any rate, they git so tired  
B're night they come to stand,  
They list would like to give it up  
An' lie down on the ground.

Now I hev jest sech feelin's, too,  
Don't want to move a peg;  
A lanky, all-gone feelin' in  
My body, arm and leg.

Don't want to hoe, nor chop, or fish,  
Don't want to creep nor crawl;  
But I'll be honest, folk, I'm jist  
Dern lazy, that's all!

—Joe Cone in Boston Herald.

A famous dean was once at dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers.

"We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remark, and gave the company grace—"for this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

An artist once met by accident an old model who had once served him and others of the craft, but had since retired from the business. The man was then engaged in some mental capacity at the zoological gardens, and upon the artist asking him what he was doing there he replied in a rather injured and resentful tone:

"What am I a-doin' of? Why, I'm a-sweepin' out telephons's dirt; a pretty sort of occupation, ain't it, for a man as has sat for the twelve Apostles?"



THE HOME OF WILLIAM MORRIS. POET AND ARTIST, TO CHANGE HANDS.

The delightful old Georgian house, once the London home of William Morris, is about to change hands. The place is to come into the market. The house stands on about a acre of old garden, and all its surroundings are in keeping with the charm of the place itself. In front of the building is the elm-bordered wall of the Mall of Hammer Smith with the shining river beyond. The house contains some good eighteenth century decorative work and some Morris tapestries. The late Mr. George Macdonald was another famous literary occupant of Kilmecott House.

## The Founders of Spiritualism

The Fox sisters were the founders of modern spiritualism. It was in 1848 that spirit rappings were first heard in their home at Hydesville, N. Y. It created an unparalleled sensation, and from the pilgrimages to the Fox shrine grew the great religion—of industry—of Spiritualism.

According to a confession subsequently made by Margaret Fox, she and her sister, Kate, then children, found they could produce peculiar sounds by the manipulation of certain muscles of the toes and fingers. They greatly enjoyed the perturbation of their mother, who could not understand the mysterious sounds and began to think the house was haunted.

She finally told the neighbors and the resulting sensation naturally tickled the children more than ever. But their married sister, Leah Fish, who lived in Rochester, learned the origin of the mysterious sounds and saw the commercial possibilities. She took them with her to Rochester, and in a short time the whole world was talking of them.

Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Barrett Browning were among their visitors. Eliza Kent Kane, the great explorer, fell in love with Margaret and is said to have married her, though his family never acknowledged it. Kate, who was the first to discover the power the sisters possessed, kept up the seances until her marriage in 1873.

In 1888, Margaret Fox confessed that the whole thing had been a fraud, and Kate endorsed the confession. Subsequently Margaret retracted the confession, and this retraction completely satisfied the Spiritualists, who at her funeral predicted that the year 1848 (the year of the first rappings) would loom higher in history than the year 1 of the Christian calendar.

But the Spiritualists were never able to explain how it was that Margaret and Kate Fox not only confessed the fraud, but gave public exhibitions of how it was committed. On Oct. 21, 1888, Margaret Fox appeared before an audience of 2,000 persons in the Academy of Music, New York, and gave a demonstration. Physicists went upon the stage and felt her foot as she made the motions by which she had produced the raps heard around the world. Then she stood in her stocking feet on a little pine platform six inches from the floor, and without the slightest perceptible movement made raps audible all over the theatre. She went down into the audience, and there, resting her foot on that of a spectator, showed how by the motion of her toe the sound was produced.

She gave other public exhibitions, and her subsequent retraction of her confession did not explain away the demonstrations. Kate Fox became a diplomancie, and her children were taken away from her because of that fact. She died in 1892, and Margaret a year later. Margaret's last words were: "Give me one more drink." She too had become a diplomancie.

## IMPERIAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON—  
IMPROVED FARM LANDS  
APPLY

**C. D. RODGERS**  
Archibald Block - Edmonton

## LESSONS GIVEN IN Physical Culture

Swedish Free Standing Gymnastics and Elocution

## SEPARATE SCHOOL BASEMENT

Tuesdays and Fridays from 4 p.m.  
Married Ladies Class . . . 4 p.m.  
School Girls Class . . . 4.30 p.m.  
Young Ladies' Class . . . 8 p.m.  
Private Lessons, place and hours by arrangement.

Phone MISS LUNDY, 2356  
Edmonton School of Music, Ltd., 2554

## NOTICE!

Notice is hereby Given that an application will be made at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta, for an Act transferring all the assets, rights, and property of The Great West Permanent Loan and Savings Company within Alberta, to The Great West Permanent Loan Company, being a Company incorporated by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, being Chapter 39 of the Statutes of 1900, also ratifying all acts done pursuant to section 41 of the said Act of Incorporation, and declaring the said latter Company to have been empowered since the 5th day of June, 1900, to exercise within the Province of Alberta, all the powers, rights and privileges provided for in its Act of Incorporation.

Dated at the City of Winnipeg, this 12th day of November, A. D. 1900.

THE GREAT WEST PERMANENT LOAN COMPANY,

Per its Solicitors,

BOYLE & PARLEE.

Jan 8-15-22-29

## Hutton Upholstering & Carpet Cleaning Co.

### A PRICE LIST

Brussels Tapestry and Ingrains taken up, cleaned and relaid, per yard . . . . . 10c  
Mosaic Wilton . . . . . 10c  
Carpet taken up, cleaned and relaid, per yard . . . . . 10c  
Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our methods of cleaning carpets.

How about that Couch, Parlor Suite and Mattress which wants repaired? Let us call and give you an estimate for repairing the same. Furnace Painting and Polishing. Cozy Corners and Window Seats our specialty.

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Fancy Patent Flour  
Handled by all grocers and flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

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EDMONTON, ALTA.





NEGLIGEE

COAT SHIRTS

Slip on and off easy as an old coat—holds their looks longer—launders better—more style and smartness to them. Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabrics. Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

MAKERS, Berlin



The Original and Only Genuine Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of MINAR'S LINIMENT

## NO ROUGH EDGES

on your collars if they are laundried at our shop. We guarantee our work, call and deliver your laundry promptly.

Phone 1277

**Nova Scotia Laundry**

THE POPULAR CAFE

## "THE BOSTON"

Quick Lunches served at all hours. Courteous treatment.

\$5.50 TICKET FOR \$5.00

Jasper Avenue East  
Opposite C.N.R. Ticket Office

**The Jasper House**  
Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per Day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

## ROBERT BURNS

(Continued from Last Week)

By HUGH McEACHRAN, Edmonton

Burns, in satire keen-edged as a lancet, exposes the hollowness of formalistic orthodoxy that has a name to live, and is dead.

That fraction of society which has been ingloriously distinguished as the idle rich found no friend in Burns, and with robust sarcasm and caustic wit he ridiculed their pretensions and repudiated their claims. They tolled not neither did they spin, thereby forfeiting a place in the social order. A contrast in the comparative values of the class we have just mentioned, and that of the toiling poor, is presented in the poem entitled, "Two Dogs!" It is hardly necessary to say that the measure of esteem for those who bore the heat and burden of the day is pressed down and running over. This wealthy idler is spoken of thus:

They loiter, lounging lank and lazy  
Though "del-hat" ails them yet un-easy.  
Their nights unquiet lang and restless  
Their days insipid, dull and tasteless  
There's some exceptions—man and woman,  
But this is gen'ral's life in common.  
"Devil a thing wrong with them."

It is commonly granted that no race of people possess more independence of spirit than does the sphinx-like Scotch. Cradled in a land that is as bare of the luxuries of life as the bleak native hills are of verdure, the existing circumstances, which can be justly characterized as a fight for actual necessities, has evolved a proud self-reliant race. The Scot thinks for himself and the only aristocracy that he acknowledges is that of intellect and integrity. The lone mud shieling is his baronial hall, there he rules the living embodiment of the spirit which pulsates in the "To Dooms" of democracy which Burns called "A man's a man for a' that."

See you birkie ca'd a lord;  
Who struts and straves and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coot for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that;  
His riband, star and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

Few men have suffered more from the vampires of remorse than did Scotland's national bard. The memories of ill-spent hours made his conscience quiver as does a live nerve when touched with heated iron.

In moments of agonizing depression when the deep mysteries of the "Silent Land," forced themselves in upon his thoughts we hear echoing through the confessional sanctuary of his soul words like these:

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,  
That press the soul or wring the mind  
With anguish,  
Beyond comparison the worst are those,  
That to our folly or our guilt we owe,  
In every other circumstance, the mind  
Has this to say: "It was no deed of mine!"  
But when to all the evil of misfortune  
This sting is added: "Blame thy foolish self!"  
Or worse far, the pangs of keen remorse,  
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt,  
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involuntarily  
The young, the innocent who fondly loved us,  
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!  
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,  
There's not a keener lash!

Like all true poets Burns loved nature with a deep and tender passion. His minstrel harp made sweet music to the flowers, the hills and streams. Further reference to these songs is not required, for his hot the operative singer and the humble charwoman time and time again revealed to us

the beauty and grandeur of these simple lays.

As a psychologist and philosopher Burns had few peers. This was partly due to his knowledge of humanity and partly to his own bitter experience of the trulism that the apples of pleasure turn to ashes in the mouth. With what skill he analyses the effervescent delights of life in "Tam o' Shanter."

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow; its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow fall on the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point the place,  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

As a thesis on moral philosophy these lines are hard to beat, and the accuracy of the lesson they teach is written deep on the tablets of human experience.

It is not uncommon to hear unsympathetic and predatory critics of Burns characterize his love poems as the ravings of a man cursed with abnormal affections. Such a conclusion evidences very poor discriminating power besides being absolutely wrong. The mystic soul of the true poet is so much in harmony with all that is tender and beautiful in life that when the limitation of reality hampers the desire for expression, then imagery becomes the vehicle of sentiment. Thus it was that many of the love poems of Burns were impersonal. When he reveals the "real feelings" of his own heart, as he does when singing about his dear, dead Mary Campbell, then we bow in reverence before a passion as pure as a wreath of mountain snow.

That sacred hour I forget  
Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity can not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

and again:

Make the gales you waft around her,  
Soft and peaceful as her breast;  
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
Scathe her bosom into rest;  
Guardian angel! O protect her  
When in distant lands I roam;  
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,  
Make her bosom still my home.

The martial patriotism of his race flowed warm in the blood of Burns. He sang of Scotland's proud independence, that spirit which has kept stern Caledonia an-unconquered and unconquerable land. "Scots Wha Hae" needs only to be mentioned, for is it not a slogan known and loved wherever the red flower of liberty rears its head to the sky.

Of "Auld Lang Syne" what can be said? To-day this song is a veritable doxology, and mankind has ever and again vowed eternal friendship in its familiar words.

In attempting to analyse the character of Burns and speak of his work we have only touched the shoreward waves of a great sea. We have not tried to hide his dark spots, and we have endeavored to justly estimate his undoubted greatness so we leave him secure in the love and esteem of thousands of his admirers, each one bound heart and soul to "The Immortal Memory."

### DANCING CLASS

Also private tuition for children and adults, either taught at home or at Miss Page's studio, 542 Jasper West. Classes held on Mondays and Fridays. Phone-1428.



"Mother, can't you see when a man's busy?"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### MR. EDISON HOLDS OUT A GLOWING PROSPECT

Women of all classes and incomes will eventually be able to dress in the height of fashion and style, the laborer will some day enjoy an existence as pleasant as that of the man with a \$200,000 income, radium may supplant coal as a fuel, and the nature of heat, light and electricity will some day be discovered, writes Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, in an article printed in an American monthly.

Mr. Edison devotes considerable space to the improvement that he maintains is now in progress in the laboring class and predicts what it will be in two hundred years. He declares that automatic machinery and scientific agriculture will contribute chiefly to his being placed on the level of the man with a \$200,000 income. He declares there will be no manual labor in the factories of the future, that all work will be done by machinery and that man will be the superintendent of the machines.

"The clothes of the future will be so cheap," says Mr. Edison, "that every young woman will be able to follow the fashions promptly, and there will be plenty of fashions. Artificial silk that is superior to natural silk is now made of wood pulp. It shines better than silk. I think that the silk worm barbarism will go in fifty years, just as the indigo of India went with the production of indigo in German laboratories.

"There is much ahead of us. We don't know what gravity is; neither do we know the nature of heat, light and electricity. We are only animals. We are coming out of the dog stage and getting a glimpse of our environment. We don't know—we just suspect a few things. Our practice of shooting one another in war is proof that we are animals. The make-up of our society is hideous.

"Communication with other worlds has been suggested. I think we had better stick to this world and find out something about it before we call up our neighbors. They might make us ashamed of ourselves. Not individualism but social labor will dominate the future. Industry will constantly become more social and interdependent. There will be no manual labor in the factories of the future. The men in them will be merely superintendents watching the machinery to see that it works right. Less and less man will be used as an engine or as a horse and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows."

### THIS WELL-KNOWN ADVOCATE STATES

HIS DOCTORS ADVISED HIM TO TAKE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

And He Found Them to be All They Were Advertised—How and Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure.

Montreal, Que., Jan. 31.—(Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by our family physician, and I must say they have proved to be what they were advertised."

This statement was made by L. J.R. Hubert, the well-known advocate, of 214 James street, is a double tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills. It shows that they are recognized by reputable medical men as a perfect remedy for diseases of the kidneys and also that they are now looked upon as a standard medicine by the best people in Canada.

And the reason of this is that they do just what they are advertised to do. They cure diseased kidneys and put them in condition to clear all impurities out of the blood. They cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Backache, because they are Kidney diseases. They cure Rheumatism, Lumbago and Heart Disease, because these are caused by impurities in the blood that the kidneys would strain out of the blood if they were in good working order. If you haven't used them yourself, ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.



They are enjoying  
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We are the originators of Bread Wrappers.

Now used by leading bakers of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and other cities.

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The successful man is always well dressed and tailor-made clothes are a necessity for him, as they are the only kind that will show his own character and give him a style, which is up-to-date.

All the employees in our factory are experts in the tailoring business, and as we have the latest and the most up-to-date machinery also a staff of 15 in our workshop, on Second St., we are in a position to look after your business.

All our machines are run by electricity, also we use electric irons.

Our pressing machine which is run by one man is capable of a pressure of 800 lbs., which guarantees that all clothes will be turned out in as perfect condition as possible. Wishing all our customers and friends a prosperous New Year. Yours truly,

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